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KEPT.

BY ELA C. O. PAGE.

As guarded by a father a wearied child may lie,
And sleep secure, though tempests may rudely hurry by;

As bird on high branch tossing, close nestles in its nest,
So in the Father's caring my soul hath found a rest.

Kept from temptations lying like pitfalls round the way,
Kept from all tears, and given a song of praise away.
'Tis blessed to be peaceful instead of fearing strife,
To rest instead of clinging along my path of life.

Kept by a Power almighty that will not let me go,
That takes my frail endeavor because He loves me so;
That bears my every burden I gladly on Him lay,
That fills the world with beauty, and smooths the roughest way.

And so I raise my music and travel with a song,
The way is dark? What matter? The morning dawns o'er long.
And if the next day's sunrise still shows a cloudy sky,
His right hand in the darkness I clasp, for He is high.

Oh, rest of faith so blessed! Rest from all strife and sin!
How glad my soul exulteth that I have entered in!
Saved from the doubt and battle that o'er my soul have wrung;
In the Almighty folding, gathered and saved and kept.
Methuen, Mass.

REUNION OF CHAPLAINS, Christian and Sanitary Commission Delegates at Old Orchard, Me.

It was fifteen years after the surrender of Gen. Lee and the close of the war before a general meeting of Christian workers in the late war was held. In 1880, at Chautauque, Dr. J. H. Vincent invited the reunion, and a grand meeting was held. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, Pa., the first president of the Christian Commission, is still living and is now the president of this Reunion. The character of the meetings is largely made up of reminiscences of the past, and they are thrillingly interesting. The audiences, composed largely of a new generation, are astonished at the recitation of the story of the struggle and triumphs, both of the army and the victories of the Lord.

The numbers of the Christian workers have been sadly depleted by death, and they have gone to their reward. The others are widely scattered, and though unable to be present, sent in their touching memorials of the historic past.

The gathering this year was not so large as at some of the former reunions. Although following the G. A. R. encampment at Portland, yet the "boys" assembled there were in a hurry to get home, and not many could stay over a second Sunday to meet the chaplains.

Rev. I. Luce, on behalf of the trustees of the ground, welcomed the members in a very cordial manner, and the meetings, commencing with Friday evening, June 25, lasted till June 29 without a half hour of flagging in the general interest. Three sessions a day were held, and the people present seemed never weary of hearing the stories of the war.

George H. Stuart, the honored president, was unable to be present, but sent a remarkable communication, which was read to the assembly.

Rev. A. V. Lewis, of Boston, responded to the welcome of Bro. Luce, and held the audience spell-bound with his happy incidents and vigorous thought. We give a partial list of those present: Joseph D. Weeks, vice-president, Pittsburgh; Rev. John O. Foster, secretary, Chicago, Ill.; Prof. J. R. Swaney, conductor of music, Chester, Pa.; Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. A. V. Lewis, Boston, Mass.; Rev. D. W. Le Lachuer, Portland, Me.; Rev. W. H. H. McAllister; Rev. John P. Roe; Prof.

Charles H. A. Bulkley, of Howard University, Washington, D. C.; Rev. Dr. Bashford, Portland; Rev. True P. Whittier; Rev. S. S. Cummings, of the Little Wanderers' Home, Boston, and many others. In all, about forty delegates were present.

During the business sessions some important matters came up which demanded attention. A chaplain from an important army post asked for religious reading to be sent to his regiment. He believed that the good old Christian Commission could secure fresh religious reading to be distributed among those who are guarding our frontiers, and who are almost wholly destitute of religious reading matter. A committee was raised to whom the matter was referred. It is evident that here is a wide and important field, which can be easily reached.

Another thought was presented—that of having the work done by the Christian and Sanitary Commissions recognized officially by the government of the United States. While the Sanitary Commission handled in money and stores, and voluntary help, nearly \$25,000,000, and the Christian Commission \$6,291,000 and five thousand unpaid workers, serving from one month to nearly three years, and aggregating in all a service, for the latter alone, a continuous benevolent labor of over seven hundred years, for one person—yet despite all these gratuitous services, no special record by the government has yet been made.

It was very touching to see the interest manifested by the men of ripe years. "Camp-meeting" John Allen was present and recited Bible lessons for the opening services, and happy incidents of his life at the front. Rev. Dr. Warren, of the *Christian Mirror*, Portland, the man who first issued freedman's papers for educational purposes, was present, and showed some of the sheets that in those years ago were published and scattered by the million. The scene when the "Flag Paper," as the *Christian Banner* was called, was held up to view, defies description. The sight of the colored flag upon the title page brought so forcibly to mind those terrible days that not a soldier in the house could keep the tears from mingling with his cheers.

The following telegram was sent to General Grant:—

OLD ORCHARD, July 27, 1885.
To Gen. U. S. Grant, Mr. McGregor,
near Saratoga, N. Y.:

The sixth reunion of Chaplains, Sanitary and Christian Commissions, North and South, send their earnest and loving welcome of last year, mingled with their sympathies and heartfelt prayers for you in your afflictions.

JOHN O. FOSTER, Secretary.

This was a very fitting remembrance of the grand hero, who was present at the last meeting at Ocean Grove, and there made the last public speech of his life. Prof. Bulkley led in prayer for the dear General.

Mrs. Kate M. Irving, of Toledo, Ohio, read a selection from Mrs. Sherwood's new book of poems on the war, entitled, "Battery B." It is a ballad of Smith Mountain, and called forth enthusiastic applause. Twice on the following day was Mrs. Irving called out, and her wonderful talent and apt selections thrilled the audiences.

The singing, under the leadership of Prof. Swaney, was remarkably good, and the solo by Miss Minnie Haimes, "There's peace upon the mountain-top," elicited strong applause. "Reunion Carols" were used.

Although the attendance was not so large as it would have been a month later, yet Old Orchard presented its best appearance and gave the Reunion a cordial grasp not soon to be forgotten.

It was learned that Mrs. Wittenmyer is preparing a volume on camp and hospital life, and the members are anxious that she shall complete it at once. No one has more and better material on hand for such a work.

Three invitations have been extended to the Reunion, and probably somewhere West will be selected. The committee to select place and time for next meeting are: George H. Stuart, Clinton B. Fisk, J. D. Weeks, Annie Wittenmyer, John O. Foster.

1886: President, Geo. H. Stuart, Philadelphia, Pa.; vice-presidents, Gen. C. B. Fisk, New York, J. D. Weeks, Pittsburgh, Philip G. Gillette, L. L. D., Jacksonville, Ill., Rev. A. G. Haygood, D. D., Oxford, Ga., Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Richmond, Va., Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood, Toledo, O., Mrs. Annie Wittenmyer, Philadelphia, Pa., Rev. A. V. Lewis, Boston, Mass., Mary A. Livermore, Melrose, Mass.; secretaries, Rev. John O. Foster, Chicago, Ill., James Grant, Philadelphia, Pa.; treasurer, Rev. Sanford Hunt, 805 Broadway, New York; conductor of music, Prof. John R. Swaney, Chester, Pa.; cornetist, Chas. J. Taylor, Baltimore, Md.; soloist, Miss Grace I. Foster, Chicago, Ill. DELEGATE.

NEW YORK LETTER.

BY REV. R. WHEATLEY, D. D.

The dryness and heat of the weather are making themselves apparent in the withered condition of vegetation in the Central Park, and are driving additional multitudes for coolness and refreshment into divers rural and marine retreats all over the country. Changes from urban to country life is recognized as one of the necessities of normal existence. Even the very poor are provided by Christian philanthropy with the means of experiencing this change. Newspaper proprietors and other benevolent men vie with each other in this department of usefulness. The redundancies of the rich do in some measure supply the deficiencies of the poor, and thereby neutralize the tendencies to atheistic communism, and all the outrages that naturally spring from such a system of destructionism.

Conservation of human life has never been one of the marked features of American civilization. Nevertheless, the conviction and sentence to years, and imprisonment, for a term of years, of Budeesiek, the builder, whose flimsy structures have brought death in their downfall, and the sentence to imprisonment for life or Quinn, the murderer of the Chinaman, Ah Mow, will have a wholesome effect upon the savage, brutalized, and heartless classes. The commonwealth least a wretched denizen in the Christian Chinaman than it will lose in the incarceration of the sanguinary and drunken citizen. Comparing the Chinese with the Irish and some other nationalities domiciled here, it will, we think, be found that nearly, if not quite, as large a percentage of them are enlightened and worthy Christians. The world is changing at so rapid a rate that it is difficult to keep up with its progress, and quite as difficult to maintain a clear and level head amid its singular gyrations. Contrasting it with the past, as that past is exhibited by some of the contents of the

LENOX LIBRARY.

it is full of hurry, unrest, and perturbation.

In Europe people live out a life-time under the shadows of grand old cathedrals, and—it is said—never once enter the inside; and that for the good and sufficient reason that they may go in at any time. So literary folks may reside almost within sight of the Lenox Library, instead to utilize it, and yet never enter it. Situated on Fifth Avenue, between 70th and 71st Sts., it is one of the most noticeable buildings in the city. A ticket of admission, kindly sent by Dr. Geo. H. Moore, one of the librarians, to the exhibition of paintings and sculptures, books, manuscripts, etc., led us thither on the day after its reception. Nor did we regret the visit. The entrance hall, with its busts of Caracalla and his mother, Julia Pia, and other historic individuals, is eminently favorable to cool contemplation. Dr. Allibone, whose colossal and invaluable work, the "Dictionary of English and American Authors," is indispensable to scholars, is himself as cool, leisurely, and refreshing as the entrance hall. Deeply religious and profoundly erudite, he has learned the art of growing old gracefully; and yet, by his polite and graceful attentions to children, shows that he is in utter sympathy with the quick, restless, developing life around him. Overflowing with anecdote, conundrum, reminiscence, and scholarly remark, he is a delightful companion among the

books. The learned librarian is neither book-worm nor dry-as-dust.

The Lenox Library is famous for its Biblical treasures. The earlier and rarer editions of the Bible in all languages enrich its collections. In Shakespeareana, Bunyaniana, and early American history, it is equally rich. Here its special excellences end. In number of volumes—about 34,000—it is exceeded by the Astor, Mercantile, and other libraries. Each of our large public collections of books has its own special merits; but none can claim the merit of completeness, or of equality, with the Boston Public Library. Yet all are wonderfully in advance of what they were fifty years ago. At that time, according to Dr. Moore, there was not a public library in the city equal to the wants of a respectable sophomore.

Judging from specimens of the printing art in the great public libraries of Europe and America, the art itself was perfect at its birth. It has made little, if any, advancement in four and a half centuries. The beautiful old books in the Lenox Library strengthen this conclusion. Stencil printing was common among the Romans; and literary slaves were so numerous and competent, that editions of the poets and historians were quite as cheap then as now. A fine specimen of block printing (1400-1440) is the second Latin edition of the *Biblia Pauperum* in the Lenox Library. The wonderful illustrations of the *Sancti Johanni Apocalypsis*, 1440, out-did Doré himself—which is saying a great deal. The Gutenberg Bible, commonly known as the Mazarine Bible, supposed to have been printed by Gutenberg, assisted by Faust, at Mentz, 1450-1455, is the earliest known Bible printed with movable metal types.

The cost of it to the purchaser was £3,900, or \$19,500. Cotton and linen both enter into the composition of its excellent bluish-tinted paper. The ingredients of its unfading dead-black ink are also known. How the eyes of the youthful visitors open as Dr. Allibone invites them to guess how many sheepskins were needed for the manufacture of another book then under their eyes. It has 641 pages, and each page consists of the skin of one side of a sheep. There are evidently many reasons why the Word of the Lord was precious in those days. The *Rationale Divinorum Officiorum* of Durandus, printed at Meutz in 1459, is in vellum, and is the third book which bears the date of publication. This is the La Valliere copy, described by Brunet. Here, too, is a copy of the first Psalter, which cost £4,550; and also a copy of the Latin Bible, published by Faust and Schoeffer at Mentz in 1462. This is the sixth printed book that bears a date, and the first edition of the Bible bearing the name of the printer and the place and year of its issue. The *Catholicorum*, by Johannes Balbus de Janua, Mentz, 1460, is the fifth printed book, with date.

The first issues of the *Caxton* press are impressively represented here. The "Reynell of the Histories of Troye," probably printed at Bruges about 1474; the "Game and Play of Chess," Bruges, 1475; the book called "Calon," 1484; the "Mirror of the World," second edition, 1490; and the "Knight of the Tourne," Westminster, 1484, afford an excellent inkling of the tastes and preferences of our English ancestors in the renaissance of literature. The "Speculum Christiani," printed by William de Machlinia, London, circa 1480, is the most interesting work from his press. Fisher's "Seven Penitential Psalms," from the press of Wynkyn de Worde, London, 1508, and Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," printed by Richard Pynson, London, in 1493, reveal the directions taken by developing humanity at the same period.

Shakespeareana is more marvelous than Bunyaniana. Here is a one-volume collection of the Bard of Avon's "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," printed in 1623, that cost the modest sum of \$3,700. Here, too, are editions of Theocritus, Aristotle, Aristophanes, Theophrastus, and Politianus from the press of Aldus, at Venice, in 1495.

That curious instinct which seeks to pry into the business of bigger, if not better, people, than ourselves, finds here the opportunity of gratifi-

cation. Autograph letters of Napoleon Bonaparte, S. T. Coleridge, Robert Southey, Dr. Johnson, Alexander Pope, William Cowper, Oliver Goldsmith, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Lope de Vega, and Oliver Cromwell, are open to unforbidden inspection. The first thought is that their chirography was not of the best, and that they wrote either carelessly or hurriedly. Any attempt to guess at intellectual or moral character from these scribbles would be a ludicrous failure. The early editions of "Paradise Lost" are invested with still greater interest by the sight of Michael Munkacsy's picture of "Blind Milton dictating Paradise Lost to his Daughters." This is in the gallery of paintings, and is as true to human nature as it is to history. The younger children listen with divided attention while the elder daughter, pen in hand, waits for the next utterance of the laboriously thoughtful father.

Many of the paintings and sculptures are of rare and costly excellence. A plaster cast of Abraham Lincoln, holding the Proclamation of Emancipation in the right hand, while his left is protectively extended over the head of a kneeling negro, whose broken manacles are falling from his limbs, arrests close attention. No less close is the interest excited by the quotation inscribed on the base: "And upon this act I invite the consideration of mankind, and the generous favor of Almighty God." A bust of Munkacsy—hard rugged, intense, fully developed—is no less interesting.

LETTER FROM NORWAY.

BY MARSHALL LIVINGSTON PERLIN.

IX.
And how the Bergensers talk the modern languages! Almost every intelligent person can answer one in whatever modern language one addresses them, especially in stress. One is almost reminded of the remarkable talent of the Russians. The cause of this is: Scandinavia, much as Sweden objects to hearing it said, cannot get along without the other countries. She must, from her position and climate, be dependent upon them. Norway, at least, makes many efforts to extend intercourse with other countries commercially and to open the beauties of her landscape to tourists, especially to the "By-Jove-you-knows," as the Englishmen are dubbed. Now necessity has been the mother of invention for the Bergensers; and while we in America study a language without mastering it, and dabble a little in the literature, and discuss learnedly the merits of various text-books, these people go to work, whatever the means employed, with the intention of learning the language, that they may use it practically. Isn't it astonishing that we Americans, so tremendously practical in most things, and constantly surrounded, I might say flooded, with people of all nations and languages, and, furthermore, actually studying language from the beginning of youth—Isn't it astonishing that so very few of us can talk or practically use anything except our American English?

Almost every high school boy or girl can translate after a fashion either the *Anabasis*, or *Cæsar*, or *Maria Stuart*; or *Le Misanthrope*, perhaps all of them, but in exactly the same way and by the same process that they solve the enigmas and riddles in the *Youth's Companion*. Even to the college graduate the language is no living thing. What is the matter? We do not handle the subject rigidly. We quibble about the means and forget the end, except so far as its being the solution of a given puzzle. The secret of the successful "modern methods" is: They do not forget that the end is the acquiring of the ability to express living, actual processes of the brain to express thoughts, just as the other living human beings do, who use that language as a vehicle of communication, and who never once think that they are baroquely using a Chinese puzzle or an arbitrary cipher, instead of simple English.

Perhaps the secret root of our inertness is our self-complacency. In our self-helping independence we study other languages as a pleasant accomplishment, or, at least, as a means of interpreting the thoughts of great men, who have unfortunately expressed their thoughts in foreign alphabets. Some such conclusion may explain the fact that so many American graduates study German a number of years at home, read Egmont and Wallenstein on board ship going over to Germany, and yet can't open their heads with a respectable simple sentence for several months, but must begin all over again with a totally new grasp and idea of the language, almost as much at a loss as he who has never seen a German book before. One receives new fire in talking with these Bergen people in whatever modern language he himself can use. They are either at home in it, or go to work at it with no puzzle-unraveling attack, but rather in the natural method of a child who wants to tell his big story and cannot find words. Languages, English, German and French, are carefully taught in the schools, viewed in importance in the order just given. I have been greatly interested in inquiring into and watching the methods they use. These are usually simple, but in many ways exceedingly unique. It is not new text-books that we need at home, but sensible methods of teaching.

A word about the Bergenser dialect; or, since neither Danish nor Swedish is studied at home, perhaps a few peculiarities which may give a notion of the language will not be uninteresting. As nothing so irritates Swedish pride as to urge them to seek more intercourse with other nations, so nothing injures the Norwegian sense of independence worse than to tell them that they have a Swedish king and talk Danish. The Norwegian (unless one of the better educated in the cities) replies that he doesn't talk Danish. Well! He doesn't, perhaps; but he tries to. All the Norwegian or "Norsk" dialects cluster around the Danish. The dialects are so peculiar to its own region, that it is useless to learn any one of them; but after learning Danish tolerably well, one can make side experiments into the dialect of the region one is temporarily in. The people travel so little among themselves that the differences in dialects are relatively greater than in England and France; for here is not only a matter of pronunciation, but largely of actual words. It seems to me best to attack Swedish also in this way, which is always as intelligible to one furnished with Danish, as some Norsk dialects are; and further, Danish is much easier than Swedish to an Englishman, and serves as an easy passage to the latter. To an English speaking person it is vastly easier to learn Norsk, or rather Danish, after coming from Germany, than when coming directly from home; not only because the vocabulary seems to be equally made of Old-English and Low-German, with some roots identical with the High-German, but also because the pronunciation of some important letters is as in German. And Germans naturally complain, on the other hand, that many letters have the English sounds.

The most important letter *r*, which forms as in old Scandinavian the plural of nouns and the whole present tense of verbs, is a block of offense to Americans, and still more so to Englishmen; for, coming as it does at the end of a word, we deliberately take no notice of it. But of all the dreadful *r's*—Hanoverian *r*, Saxon *r*, French *r*, English *r*, and London *r*, there is no *r* like the *r* with which a Norwegian in the country stops his horse. I can do it now. Yes, I can really stop a horse. Like the cluck which at home starts up a horse, this Norwegian sound is not reducible to alphabetical symbols, although the Danes have two extra letters to their alphabet, and call most of the others by wrong names. Those who are interested in the most modern science of studying languages phonetically will get a definite idea of this *r* without the need of employing technical terms of phonetics, by sounding *pr* as follows: The *p* is a sensible *p*. The *r* is made with the lips, reminding one at first of the word blubber said with full cheeks. To make the correct sound, first shut the teeth, fill the cheeks and explode through the lips with blast, enough to make them vibrate a number of times. When this is learned, open the teeth, protrude the very tip of the tongue between them and repeat the former blast. The tongue gives the distinctive *r* sound, and enables the vibration to be prolonged until the creature stops, though it is usually a short, quick sound. If the Hanoverian *r* with the *u* sound is the farthest back possible, this Norwegian *r* is the farthest front possible. I have dwelt upon this sound because it is very amusing to hear, and because the most eminent phonetician, Mr. Sweet, says that this possible sound "does not occur in any known language." To be sure, it may be asked whether this can be included in the definition of language. It certainly expresses a thought. Something of the same kind exists still in Bohemia and in the bordering parts of Saxony. As I have heard it there, it seems to begin with the letter *b*; and this agrees with the spelling Fouqué gives it in *Undine*. In Northern Germany, on the contrary, the sound is a simple trilled *r*, voiced. A marked peculiarity of the orthoepy is the abundant use of middle mutes, *b*, *d*, and *g*, in place of the English smooth and the German rough in the corresponding words. National tendencies are always shown in the treatment of incorporated foreign words; thus, our pudding becomes *budding*; the German *Reichstag*, *Rigdag*, and examples without number. But these *d's* and *g's*, although favorites, are unmercifully treated. They have no rights except at the very beginning of a syllable. In any other position they are not sounded. They do not seem to be lawfully silent letters; for some people sound them. If asked how to pronounce a certain word, almost every one will sound the *d* or *g*, and in the next breath will tell you that you need not sound it when

you talk. The general rule seems to be that if you begin a word rightly, you needn't trouble to say more than a little of it. The very common *head behager* ("What did you say?" or "Beg pardon") becomes *sa ba*. One can easily imagine the dead uncertainty with which a stranger tries to fill up these blanks. But no more of this; for we who talk English cannot throw any stones on the subject of pronunciation. The end of it all will be that the already comparatively simple grammar will in time lose its inflections, and experience the fate of Old English. Two peculiarities will probably remain: The two genders, common and neuter, which affect adjectives and articles; and the fashion of putting the article on the end of the substantive as a part of one word, provided no adjective qualifies the noun. The strong and regular sentence-accent makes the conversation often sound like recited strophes and antistrophes of a Greek play.

The error of translating words, instead of ideas, is often amusing, sometimes irritating as well. The Norwegians are very polite, never asking anything, nor offering anything, without the "Værnaa god?" ("Be so good?"), and waiters always say it when serving a dish. The ellipsis is, "as to receive this;" and the intonation is that of urging (acceptance of the favor). In addressing English people they persist in translating this phrase into *please*, which is a dangerous weapon of a word. Thus, when simply informing you that dinner is ready, etc., the "Please come to dinner," or "Will you please sit down?" spoken as it is in the tone appropriate to the Norwegian phrase, reminds one of a nervous schoolmaster rebuking an unruly big boy, and actually calls out sometimes a sassy retort. Another instance to show that learning a language by translation is humbug! One must frame thoughts directly and not mediately into the language, if only a childlike sentence of three words. One must grow into the tone, expression, and phraseology *endeløselig*.

On the whole, *endeløselig*, although it has the French *u*, and continental pronunciation of vowels, and peculiar sounds of its own, resembles English more than any other European language, in the part of the mouth in which it is spoken and in tone. Furthermore, it is spoken in the same way as English. The Norwegian talks mostly with his mouth and organs of speech—not so much with his arms, hands, and feet, and all over. They represent the northern extreme of complacency, as the Italians the other of nervousness. To us the people seem to be, in habit of mind, more than any other people, *congenial*. Their blood seems to be related, as it closely is, to Briton blood, and of about the same heat, perhaps a little cooler. They are subdued and cool in tone like their landscape; good-natured and even-natured, but not emotional. As one native told me, they have to toll so hard to win their bread from the depths of the sea and from the rocks of the land, that the laugh and cry are all knocked out of them. Recently a party of girls bound for America came aboard the steamer in the corner of a distant fjord. It was really pathetic. There was no throwing up of the hands. It was no scene. There was not much talking and almost no crying; but the expression of their faces the best actress would give her finest dress with jewels to be able to imitate. And the meetings! But I don't like to see meetings; they break me up just now.

Bergen, Norway.

Our Exchanges.

BY SITO.

Rev. Newman Hall is an Irishman who was sent young to New York. He was sent there by the Ulster Presbyterians on a mission, and was given a return ticket for his passage to America and back. When there he preached a sermon, and was prayed by the greatest congregation in the Empire City to become their minister.—*Pull Mail Gazette*.

As our school-girls sometimes say, this is "just too funny for anything!" The *Pull Mail Gazette* is perhaps the toniest of the London dailies, and prides itself on its superior and elegant scholarship, and yet evidently it does not know that Newman Hall is a celebrated preacher in his own city. We would like to ask it when Mr. Hall became an Irishman? Also when he was sent to this country? Nor does Dr. John Hall, of New York City, fill the bill. This is blundering immense and incomprehensible.

According to the *Boston Journal*, Mr. Beecher recently said:—

"If plenary inspiration is true, then the Mormons are right, for the Bible teaches polygamy, and they believe it, like thunder."

This, in substance, is one of Mr. Ingersoll's stock misrepresentations of the Bible that has been flatly denied and proof-challenged, and this illustrates the evolution, to expounding which Mr. Beecher proposes to devote the remainder of his days. It seems to have evolved his unfettered until he stands beside the arch falsifier of the Sacred Word.

Miscellaneous.

MIRACLES AND MORAL TRUTH.

BY REV. WM. I. GILL.

Spiritual truth must be spiritually discerned, if discerned at all. This implies a spiritual faculty and taste. Hence it will be discerned and its force felt always just in proportion to the growth of this spiritual faculty and taste, and no faster or further. This is in accordance with the Scriptures, especially Paul's letters and John's Gospel.

The quality of spiritual truth and the conditions of its discernment and domination have in our times been turned into a great engine against the alleged miracles of the Bible in support of a divine revelation. As fast as our spiritual nature develops, it is said, we shall recognize the claims of spiritual truth, and till then nothing can help us. Miracle, till then, is powerless, and after that it is needless. This argument among good people, is more influential than anything else, perhaps, in impugning the miraculous claims of the Bible. This skepticism may not greatly hurt them, but it is doing great harm among an inferior class of minds with grosser inclinations.

The argument is plausible only because of its narrow range, and its omission of essential factors which belong to the problem, factors which were never overlooked by the contemporaries of Paul, so that he did not have to refute this argument. Though the intrinsic power of a moral truth may give us no direct light, it may carry authority and influence if we see it connected with any other fact or truth which we can appreciate. It is thus that the syllogism becomes so important and powerful. I may repudiate a proposition till I am made to see that it is clearly implied in other propositions which we confidently admit and reverence. Children never appreciate education for its own sake, because knowledge and mental power are an intrinsic good, but because of the value attached to it by parents, friends and teachers, and from various advantages which it will bring as they gradually discover—advantages of a financial and social order. Dugald Stewart said that even in mathematics pupils would often be less sure of their conclusions if they were not supported by faith in their teachers. This in no small degree carries them along till their faculties are more developed and operate with perfect clearness and finality of intuition. In art the same law operates with far greater force, and taste and artistic judgment are slowly cultivated by a comparison of the productions and teachings of the most celebrated masters and professors.

Therefore, still more may reverence for a supernatural authority inspire us with reverence for a moral truth which is as yet above our power of appreciation; and this reverence will not be morally ineffective here as it is when its object is an idol or a mere ceremony, or anything intrinsically low. It will enjoin moral conformity, frequent serious study and effort to discern its alleged intrinsic worth, so that the power of moral intuition and moral achievement will inevitably rise and grow. A jeweler may put into my hands a genuine diamond and a paste diamond, and tell me which is the real one. My unpractised eye sees little difference, and perhaps is rather more pleased with the paste. But on the jeweler's word I place a higher estimate on the other, will guard it with care, will study it with more interest, until I can discern its peculiar qualities and indicators and appreciate its superior intrinsic beauty and excellence. Christ conceived as the divine jeweler and as endowed with supernatural power and authority, will have a corresponding influence relative to the quality of the more precious gems of the mind; and He has had this influence through the ages. He has been the world's great moral educator. It crucified Him and thence adored Him. This is a symbol of the progress of individual minds, which have at first been able to see only authority and then to see light and to walk in that light, when Truth in her own right takes the throne and sceptre, and authority becomes self-convincing law, and obedience thoroughly self-approved.

CANADA LETTER.

MR. EDITOR: We have got through the bustle and excitement of Conference season. The last week in May and the whole of June was occupied with Conference assemblies. Methodistically speaking, we have six Conferences in Ontario and Quebec, one in Manitoba, two in the Maritime Provinces, and one in Newfoundland, all of which are held in about five weeks.

The general superintendents, one of the other, should attend every Annual Conference, but owing to the distance that intervenes between some of the

Conferences, their presence can only be given to a limited number. During the present year one general superintendent made a brief visit to two western Conferences and then went to Manitoba, where, after attending the Conference of that Province, he will reconnoitre in the Northwest, and perhaps visit British Columbia till the fall.

The other general superintendent, after attending one Conference in Ontario, went eastward to the Maritime Provinces, and thence to Newfoundland, where he will remain and visit the churches there until the annual meeting of the Missionary Committee, which is to be held at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in October. Three of our Conferences were, therefore, without the benefit of the presence of a general superintendent.

Considerable anxiety was felt by some last first year of Methodism after the union of four branches into one conference, should not be so prosperous as some might anticipate. It was known that some who were opposed to a unification of the Methodist forces were standing aloof from the united church, and were far from occupying neutral positions, while others were in open rebellion, and were using their utmost endeavors to frustrate the success of a united Methodism. Happily, the most sanguine expectations of the friends of union have been more than realized. The statistics of the western Conferences are all that we have been able to secure, and from these we are glad to know that the increase in the membership is very near twenty thousand; perhaps this number will be exceeded when the eastern Conferences are heard from. This is exceedingly gratifying.

The difficulty of surplus men is considerably diminished. Some of the Conferences are still crowded, but at least two others have not a sufficient number to occupy all the places that need ministerial appointments. Three have retired from causes unknown to the writer, two have gone to the United States, one has joined the Presbyterians, and another has become connected with the Reformed Episcopal Church; so that, as has often been the case, Methodism has trained some for the ministry of other churches.

The various Conferences took special collections to aid brethren whose salaries had been affected by reason of union, and though the total amount collected was not so much as might have been expected, still it was such as greatly assisted brethren whose incomes had been very small. In the Conference to which your correspondent belongs, there was one brother who for salary, board, and fuel had received less than \$300. Some had received less than \$400, and a great number less than \$500; so that you can easily understand that without some assistance, all those brethren would necessarily be in straitened circumstances.

You will be glad to learn that our Book Room and Publishing House has had a year of great prosperity. The establishment has become one of the largest of the kind in the Dominion, and now gives employment to somewhere about one hundred and thirty persons. The profits this year were larger than during any former year, and after adding a good sum to capital accounts, \$4,000 was donated to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund. These venerable men and the widows of such survive their husbands, will thus be comforted, as the full amount of their claim—\$10 for every year of effective service—will be paid. The incumbent of the Book Room, Rev. William Briggs, deserves great praise for the success which has attended his labors in that establishment. His brethren in Toronto Conference placed him in the presidential chair, by a very large majority, so that for the current year "the care of all the churches" will demand his attention, and there will not be much danger of his becoming secularized. During his term in the Book Room there have been very few Sabbaths that he has not occupied some pulpits either in town or country.

Our missionary secretary, Rev. Dr. Sutherland, has just left home to visit the missions in British Columbia. During the more than a quarter of a century that that province has been one of our mission fields, with the exception of a short visit paid by the late Rev. Dr. Punshon, no official visit has been made from Canada. Both ministers and people have long been entreating that some one should visit them from the Parent Society. None can be more suitable for such a mission than the secretary, and it is hoped that his visit will be productive of great good.

The great question which seems to occupy the almost universal attention of the churches in Canada just now is college confederation. The Government of Ontario has launched a scheme in which they intend to draw all other colleges to affiliate with the Provincial University. The scheme is greatly praised by some and censured by others. Even Methodists are divided. Those among us who oppose the scheme contend that as Methodists we should be absorbed, and that those of other denominations will be a unit in opposition against any favor that may be sought for anything Methodist. Some may regard such an opinion as being exceedingly sectarian, but an event has lately transpired which confirms this view. The Bible Society advertised for a permanent secretary. There were a great many applicants, but the number was reduced to a few, when, behold, a Presbyterianian was elected, and he, too, a layman, though a Methodist minister was an applicant, and he was allowed on all hands to possess the necessary qualifications for the office, as all who know him will readily testify. It might have been supposed that as the gentleman who keeps the Depository of the Bible Society is a Presbyterianian, the directors of that church would at least have said, "Now the Bible Society is not a sectarian institution, and as our church is already well represented in one officer, we will unite in letting our Methodist brethren have one of their number appointed to

the secretariat; but no, the Methodist is rejected, and the Presbyterian is accepted. Other topics must wait until I write again.

Kleinberg, Ont., July 2, 1885.

LETTER FROM BANGOR.

MR. EDITOR: When I left the Maine Conference, I promised my friends that they should hear from me before very long through the columns of the *HERALD*. And during the hot days that are coming, I am sure your readers will want some easy reading; so with your permission I will have a little chat with old friends.

I was very cordially greeted by the members of the East Maine Conference, and made to feel at home at once. The members of this Conference are a noble band of hard-working men, with small average remuneration; but the highest reward and best pay are sure to come. I received a very cordial welcome from the people whom I am serving, and I have been made to feel as though I was one of them.

Bangor is a beautiful city, and is characterized, among other things, for its beautiful streets, fine private residences, well-kept lawns, choice salmon, huge piles of hard wood, night-hawks, excellent schools, its school life, Christian fraternity, as being the home of ex-Pres. Hannibal Hamlin, the early home of Dr. Mark Trafton and the Bangor Theological Seminary, a Home for Aged Women, an Orphan Asylum, etc. Its churches and some other public buildings are real adornments and a real honor to the city. Rev. T. Gerrish, my predecessor, has built for himself a fine monument in the beautiful church edifice which was thoroughly remodeled under his leadership. It is a perfect gem of church architecture. The thing that needs to be done now is to remove the remaining indebtedness. If this comes under the eye of any friend of Bangor Methodism who has much or little to give to the Lord, I should be glad to hear from such.

The church is finely located, and has a wide field to cultivate. The membership are united and hopeful. This church has a grand history, and we hope it has a bright future.

The other Methodist church is situated on Union Street. The edifice is commodious and inviting. Bro. C. B. Besse is the able and efficient pastor. Among other influential members may be mentioned Hon. Hiram Ruggles, who would be a tower of strength in any church. This is a vigorous, working society.

I had the privilege of listening to Prof. Barbour's address during the Commencement week of the Theological Seminary. Prof. Barbour was formerly a member of its faculty, and is very popular here. His theme was, "The Preacher's Personal Conviction—Its Place, Power, and Perils." It was a fine effort both in matter and manner.

It was also my privilege to look in upon the graduation exercises of our Conference Seminary at Bucksport. Much has been said in praise of the location of this school; but I was hardly prepared for so charming a picture. It is indeed "beautiful for situation," and ought to be "the joy" of all the Methodists of Eastern Maine. The exercises were worthy of college graduates. Prof. Chase is moulding this institution after his own high ideals, and impressing his own personality upon it in a wonderful manner. I heard very much praise bestowed upon him and his assistant teachers by the trustees and friends of the school.

From Bucksport I went down the river by boat to Rockland, in company with the genial and scholarly presiding elder of Rockland district, and the generous and gentlemanly president of the board of trustees. Rockland Methodism is prosperous and aggressive; they have a fine church edifice, large congregations, and rousing social meetings. It struck me that a little more sunshine (real and natural, I mean) in the parsonage would be a good thing.

On a beautiful morning in June we took the early freight train at Rockland, and through the courtesy of the Methodist conductor, we were favored with a place in the elevated "look-out," and thus had a fine view of the country in all its freshness and wealth of beauty. Then the ride from Damariscotta, in the private carriage of the presiding elder, out to New Harbor, was delightful indeed. The dedicatory services have been already referred to in your columns. But, of course, the good presiding elder did not tell your readers what I will now tell them: that his discourse was worthy the occasion and the man; and that is enough to say about it. The hospitality and good cheer of the people of New Harbor will long be a pleasant memory. Bro. Glidden is the popular and successful pastor here.

On my way home I looked in upon my old friends in Bath. But some of the best and truest of them I did not meet. My pen lingers to pay willing homage to the memory of one such—Bro. Nathan Mayhew. He went home to heaven the same day that my sainted Marion was crowned among the angels. Was it not a pleasant surprise to them both to meet on March 25 in glory? For five years I was his pastor; and a truer friend, a more loyal Methodist, a happier old man, I never expect to find. His frequent calls at the kind words of encouragement after he had preached, his earnest, powerful prayers, his exhortations and triumphant testimonies, his generous giving, his consecrated life, I shall never forget. The last time I saw him, not long before his death, he was on the verge of heaven, his face already radiant with its light, and his soul touched with its glory. It will be a long time before old Wesley Church will see his like. God bless his memory and his stricken widow, and the church he loved so well! I would like to speak of the pleasant occasion of the re-dedication of the vestry at Wintport; of the Commence-

ment exercises at Orono, a part of which I witnessed; of the graduation exercises of our own high school, etc., but my gossipy medley is already too long, not to say too thin. In another chat at some future time I will tell your readers, if you will allow, something more about the places and people and enterprises of Eastern Maine.

June 29. A. S. LADD.

EVANGELIST HARRISON IN COLORADO.

What a delightful service! Sunday evening, June 28, three thousand people were packed into the Rialto, and as silent as we are in our churches. On the platform were Bishops Warren and Walden, and Drs. Tiffany and De Haas, with all the Methodist preachers of the city. Bro. Harrison, "the Boy Preacher," conducted the exercises. None of us will forget the service. This closed a meeting which began in Denver, June 5, and in which more than three hundred souls sought and found Christ.

Some two months ago, at the Methodist preachers' meeting the question was asked, "Can we get Bro. Harrison for a meeting in Denver?" All were agreed that such a meeting was needed, and we all wished it; but we feared that with the many calls he has, Bro. Harrison could not come within a year. For this reason not much time was spent in discussing the matter. We spoke of the work, sighed that we could not hope to do it soon, and passed on. God's plan, however, was that the meeting should be held, and that quite soon. One of the preachers present at that meeting was called to Louisville, Ky., where Bro. Harrison was holding a meeting. He was invited to dine with a friend the last day of his stay there, and on arriving at the house found the preacher himself. Within an hour the plans were laid for this work. On the brother's return to Denver a meeting of the preachers was called to consider the matter. Result—with one heart we entered into the plan, and before night a telegram was sent to the evangelist to come.

There were some fears on the point of securing the attention of this community to a religious work. "Will these busy Western people attend the services?" Our Methodist churches here are not large—the largest only accommodating about six hundred. "Is that large enough?" The committee of laymen on arrangements settled the discussion by renting a large skating rink and seating it; and their wisdom was vindicated by the vast crowds that have thronged the house every night. Nothing less would have answered, and the regular collections taken at the services have fully met the expense of one thousand dollars.

The results of this work no man is able to tell. The seen results—what comes within our reach—are a very small part of the work done. More than three hundred have professed to find Christ. Many have been converted who have not come to the altar. Many Christian people have been led into the "full assurance of faith." The whole body of the church has been lifted up to a higher plane of experience and life. These meetings have closed, but all say, "The work will go on." Such work does not stop when the special services close; it has momentum, and much of it. Every congregation expects continuous revival work within its own circle. There are many other results of this meeting in which we rejoice:—

1. The congregations were brought into very close and enjoyable relations with each other. These different bodies "distinct as the billows" came to realize that they yet are "one as the sea." To work together for God has a wonderful influence in breaking down the exclusiveness that grows out of congregational individuality. Would it not be a good thing for our churches in cities to join hands often in this kind of work?

2. A great impression has been made upon this entire community on behalf of religion. I am sure that a very large number of non-church-goers have been reached in this work. Often in our individual work in the congregation we asked persons, "Where do you attend church?" Oh, how many times the sad answer came, "I don't go anywhere." Doubtless thousands of such have been reached.

3. Attention has been called to Methodism as an exponent of Christianity, which cannot fail of good results. Such a massing of forces must impress these practical Western people that the church under whose auspices the work is done is worthy of their respect and attention. For three weeks this work, conducted according to historic Methodist methods, has been in the newspapers—in the months and ears and under the eyes of the people. The church has made herself felt in this community. There is good in that.

4. The cause of Christian perfection has had a right presentation and a calm hearing. This doctrine has been almost fatally wounded by the extravagant vagaries of some who profess the experience. They have set themselves against the church—become "accusers of the brethren." They are not some, disagreeable fault-finders. They are censorious in spirit—religious fanatics. During this meeting these perversions have been set in their true light, and the pure doctrine preached. Of course we have had intelligent advocates of the doctrine in our midst; but this presentation of the doctrine came with special emphasis from one who is "backed" by the whole church, and he spoke to the whole body of Methodists in the city, having the support of all our own preachers.

This I consider a great point gained. To-day the church looks at the doctrine differently, without thinking so much of the unreasonable fanaticism of these "come-outers." Some have entered by faith into the sweet experience, and not a few others are seeking it. Such a stir upon the great subject of salvation Denver has never known before. To God be all the praise!

EAST GREENWICH ACADEMY.

Among the institutions bearing the Platonic name of Academy, none are more worthy of respect among New England Methodists for their present work, or veneration because of age, than that which gives this writing its caption. Founded eighty-three years ago, multitudes of students of both sexes have passed from its walls into life to give right direction to thought and action in home and church and State. As the month of blossoms again comes round, in connection with the close of its work for the summer vacation it presents its claims to continued and increased patronage as seen in the results of the past year.

Services connected with anniversary week began on Sunday afternoon, June 21, with a sermon before the graduating class by Bishop Mallieau, of New Orleans. The Bishop is an alumnus of this academy, and naturally has a heartfelt interest in it. His sermon was a thorough analysis of Rom. 12: 1, 2, and was in all respects suitable to the occasion. In the evening Rev. H. D. Robinson, presiding elder of Norwich district, N. E. Southern Conference, preached the annual sermon, earnestly elaborating some excellent thoughts about the salvation brought by the grace of God.

The examination began on Friday, June 19, and continued Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of the week following. Classes were examined in the ancient and modern languages, mathematics, and in other studies English and classical. Proficiency was the rule. No matter what a teacher's methods are, if the results reached are good, it answers all criticism. Prof. Wm. Rice Newhall's classes in Greek appeared to good advantage. Prof. Newhall is a worthy successor of a father justly regarded with profound respect, and gives every promise of becoming an equally successful instructor. Classes in the old Roman tongue should be mentioned. They had earnestly grappled with the intricacies of the subjunctive mood and the mysteries of the dative and ablative. Their teacher, Prof. Paul E. son of the Boston Bromfield St. pastor, leaves the school with the well wishes of all who know him. The preceptress of the Academy, Miss M. J. Redington, holds a firm place in the respect of the students, not only as a thorough teacher, but also as a firm and judicious administrator of discipline. Her classes in French, German, rhetoric and modern history were a credit to her as well as to themselves.

The commercial department is well conducted by a gentleman whose gentleness and thoroughness make him deserving of all praise. Here are taught commercial law and arithmetic, practical book-keeping, telegraphy—in short, all subjects necessary to business life and taught in commercial colleges. Some excellent mechanical drawings, the work of pupils, were exhibited. The number of students in this department has been nearly doubled the past year beyond any previous one. The work of Miss Helen A. Partridge in the department of elocution made the work of the judges in awarding prizes for declamation difficult, excellence was so nearly uniform. Miss Alice L. Heath, who has had the department of English grammar, leaves the institution to continue advanced studies.

Besides the common English branches there is a Kindergarten department conducted by an enthusiastic lady teacher who has made Froebel's system a study. We think if the merits of this method were more generally known in the contiguous patronizing territory, it would be more largely attended.

We are pleased to notice the services of the director of music, Mr. Frank E. Hathorne, whose own training is such that whoever cherishes a desire for a careful musical education can rest assured they can here obtain it.

One department that has not had especial mention in very recent reports should have particular notice, i. e., the department of art, under the charge of Mrs. May E. Newhall, M. E. L. Mrs. Newhall is the wife of the Professor before named, is a graduate of Hacketts-town, and also took the four years' course at the Cooper Institute, New York city, having H. Swain Gilford as one of her instructors. She has the true art instinct, and it is but simple justice to say that this department of culture is in all respects beyond anything it has been for a long period.

As to religion, we will only say that the school and the church are not the same institution, and while they have much in common, they have also much which indicates the necessity for a separate organic existence. It is a mistake in the administration of either to confound their work. To educate without religion is to leave a part of the nature uneducated. By separating intellectual training from religion, religion is liable to become senescent and fanatical. The religious reputation of East Greenwich Academy has always been good, and parents need have no fear that when their daughters and sons enter the school they will drift out upon the shoreless sea of skepticism. The institution has a positive Christian character, and it is the intention of its principal to continue this, meanwhile sparing no pains that its students shall acquire the highest intellectual attainments.

Under the efficient management of its new principal, the East Greenwich Academy has made marked and commendable advancement in scholarship and numbers during the past year. Great improvements have taken place in the general arrangements and appearance of the recitation rooms, the most kindly feelings and harmony exist in the faculty, while the genial disposition and excellent business qualities of Principal Fernald and the religious spirit and marked proficiency in imparting instruction which he preserves in connection with his associates, make this Academy all that can be desired by our youth.

By direction of board of visitors,
S. H. DAY, Sec.

Our Book Table.

THE JOURNALS OF MAJOR-GENERAL C. G. GORDON, C. B., AT KHARTOUM. Introduction and Notes, by A. Egmont Hake, with Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, 480 pp., \$2.00. The introduction gives an account of the circumstances under which Gen. Gordon undertook the perilous mission to Sudan; the condition in which he had left it when previously its governor, the state in which he found it upon his return, his advice to the home government often urged in vain, his remarkable prophecies as to the probable outcome of the affair, his hopeless disagreement with the administration of Mr. Gladstone, and the final failure of the mission and attempt at the rescue of Gordon. The body of the work is the daily journal of the General during his days of increasing peril. They are eminently characteristic, frank, fearless, disconnected, often introducing a Scripture exegesis in connection with military events, positive in opinion, alive to all the dangers around him, desiring to live, but rather expecting, although not fearing, to die in battle or in the threatened siege. He is severe in his criticisms upon the inefficiency and dilatoriness of the English ministry, and constantly making suggestions which he knew would be disregarded. It ought to be remembered that he differed widely in his judgment as to the object of his mission with the government at home. He wished to save Sudan and the honor of the English nation; the cabinet only desired to secure the retreat of the garrisons from the province. Gordon deliberately declared that he would not leave, or seek his own safety, as he readily could, until provision was made for those who trusted in the word and depended upon the protection of the British forces. The book is interesting and lively reading. It is a volume of honor, honesty, conscientiousness and perseverance of the man, with his sincere trust in God; but with all this there is a lack of balance and a perverseness of opinion of which the intelligent reader is constantly conscious. The volume must make a profound impression upon the English people, and will doubtless have its influence against the Gladstone administration in the coming elections.

John B. Alden, New York, has issued the first volume of a fresh, handsome, and very cheap, edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle. Each volume is a crown octavo of between six and seven hundred pages. It will be sold for \$1.20 a volume, or for \$1.44 sent by mail. The first volume contains, "Sartor Resartus," "Past and Present," and "The Diamond Necklace and Mirabeau." This new venture will afford the lover of good and substantial books a rare opportunity of adding to the home library an excellent set of the writings of the great Scotchman at a small price.

CENTENARY CANONS, by O. P. Fitzgerald, D. D. Square octavo, 352 pp., cloth, \$2.00. Our delightful friend and confidant of the Nashville *Christian Advocate* has given the Methodist Church a volume for its centenary year. Dr. Fitzgerald is a rare sketcher with his pen. He has a remarkable facility of painting life and character, so that one has a distinct picture of his subject in the reader's eye; true to nature, often, than even the illustrations by the graver's art. The Doctor has had for the sitters in his studio some forty-one of the leaders in Methodism, of both sexes, in England and in this country, from Mr. Wesley down to Margaret Lavinia Kelley, a holy woman of intense Christian activity, in the State of Tennessee, at the beginning of the present century. The volume will be eminently useful. No one can read it without an inspiration. We trust it may quicken thousands of souls into fresh spiritual life and secure a more earnest consecration to the Master's service. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House.

THE TWO SIDES OF THE SHIELD, by Charlotte M. Yonge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo, \$1.75. Miss Yonge's tales are always wholesome and natural. The present is an interesting picture of English family life. It is intended to be the counterpart of an earlier work by the same writer, entitled "Scenes and Characters." The two sides of the shield is meant the difference in home discipline and its result. The first showed the family ruled by the law of duty, the present by the law of love. There is incident enough to keep the reader's attention awake, and the sad situations resulting from too lax discipline afford abundant dramatic sensation.

THE DEVIL'S PORTRAIT, by Anton Giulio Barrili. Translated from the Italian, by Evelyn Wodehouse. 16mo. New York: William S. Gottsberger. This is a story with a terrible title, but it is a tale of all-conquering love, with the usual passionate background and sideplay of an Italian romance. The story is vigorously told, and some of its characters are drawn with a remarkable dramatic power.

UPON A CAST, by Charlotte Dunning. 16mo. New York: Harper & Brothers. This is a painful story of an unworthy mother and a noble son, who is a tale of passion and deception, but it ends well, and leaves the reader at least satisfied with its conclusion.

In the very attractive volumes for vacation reading now issuing, weekly, from the press of Harper & Brothers, entitled "Harper's Handy Series," we have, JOHN NEDHAM'S DOUBLE; A NOVEL, by Joseph H. May; PAST AND PRESENT, by James Darnest, professor in the College of France, with portraits—a very interesting and instructive sketch of the peculiar feature of Islamism which has repelled itself a number of times. The Mahdi has often appeared, and will be looked for to appear again and again while a Mussulman exists. The book will throw much light upon the present condition of things in the Sudan.

No. 11 of the series is THE WORLD OF LONDON, by Count Paul Vassila—a delightful picture of London sights and scenes, her reigning family and nobility, her politics, and the chief men of the hour, with pictures of home life in the different classes of society, as seen by an intelligent Frenchman. Paper covers, 25 cents each.

Roberts Brothers issue a new Oriental poem, by Edwin Arnold, M. A. It is entitled, THE SONG OF KRISHNA; or, Bhagavad-Gita, from the Mahabharata. It is a discourse between a prince of India and the Supreme Being under the form of Krishna. 16mo, \$1.00. This English version of a portion of the extended poem translated from the Sanskrit, is not so musical as "The Light of Asia." It is often elevated in style, and marked by sublime thoughts and sentiments, with much that is mystical and puerile. It bears the characteristics of the former renderings of these Indian mythological songs, by the same author, which had a wider popularity in this country than in Great Britain. It is pitiful to think how powerless these often sublime sentiments have been to save the people of India from the lowest forms of degradation and vice.

MATILDA, PRINCESS OF ENGLAND: A ROMANCE OF THE CRUSADES, by Mme. Sophie Cottin, from the French by Jennie W. Baum. Two volumes, cloth, \$1.75. Matilda was sister of Richard I. of England, the leader of one of the great crusades aroused by the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin. Matilda was taken from the convent to accompany her brother. She became the promised bride of a converted Saracen prince who died by an assassin's hand in her arms. The story is told with strict regard to the historical outline of events, and with much power and pathos. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.

NEW MUSIC.—From Ign. Flesner, Toledo, Ohio, the G. A. R. Grand March (for piano and organ), composed by J. Wiegand, and dedicated to John S. Kountz, Toledo, commander-in-chief of the G. A. R.

Magazines.

The July *Wide Awake* opens with "A Builder's Lesson," which clearly shows how to break a bad habit. "Marcus Aurelius" is an exceedingly interesting short story. The Fourth of July in the Rue Petre Jean, a poem of the 14th of July, and is the French Declaration of Independence dating from the destruction of the Bastille. The celebration of this day, though in every way patriotic, is quite unlike ours, being much more of a religious and political character. The "Middlemarch" are still busy with their shop, and "Miss Polly's Fourth" will make all the children say, "served her right." The "Big English Bull" is by Mrs. Fremont, and being a true incident in her own life, very charmingly told. It becomes doubly attractive to the young readers. Kate's Madeline is the poetical heroine this month. The "New Departure" for girls at present is taking in mending. "What the Jackdaws of Kansas said" is told in a pretty, gossamer way by Rose G. Kingsley. "Perita Jane" is a short story by a Southern writer. Yan Phou Lee discusses "Chinese Holidays," of which there are almost as many as there are days in the month. "Joy Bates has a beautiful poem, entitled, "At Grandfather's." There are other and sweet poems, and many fine illustrations, worthy to be read and admired. In the *Chautauqua Readings*, the Children of the Sun, still furnishes excellent reading, and "Souvenirs of My Time" seem like tales of another land, so different is the *now* from the *then*. Edward E. Hale's hero hero for this number is Lafayette. *Wide Awake* has been a very high standard of excellence. Few if any of the children's monthlies equal or surpass it.

"The Pet Fawn," drawn by Mary Hallock Foote, serves as a frontispiece to St. Nicholas, and "A School of Long Ago," by Edward Eggleston, introduces the reader to the "Long Ago" series, who flourished a hundred and fifty years ago. "Oh Dear!" is an earnest and commendable effort to cure little folks of the very bad habit of using that exclamation too much. Grow-up people might be tempted to use it, too. "Driven Back to Eden" has passed through the sixth chapter, and is in the midst of gardening. "Clotilda of Burgundy" is the historic girl, a brief history of our greatest hero is given in this number. "His One Fault" is not quite overcome yet, but there is great progress in the right direction. E. S. Brooks has a long poem on "The Liberty Bell," which is exceedingly appropriate in this month of the centenary of the year. "A School Afloat" gives much useful information, and is very profusely illustrated. "Washington's First Correspondence" is very natural, and not at all the most "great" correspondence at that age. "Shades of the Past" gives promise of being an unusually pleasing serial, one that will interest alike the old and the young. "The Children of the Cold" all the minds of the children of our brighter class will be drawn to it. "Among the Law-makers" very appropriately leads its young readers to the memorable facts concerning Independence Day. "Mozart" forms the subject of the present paper. "The Great Winter Sanitarium for the American Continent," in which Prof. Frankland shows that our own Yellowstone National Park rivals in the excellence of its winter climatic conditions the celebrated Davos valley of the Engadine in Switzerland. Prof. W. Le Conte Stevens gives us the latest facts of "Recent Progress in Aerial Navigation," which show that Renard and Krebs have constructed the most magnificent machine they have three times successfully navigated through the air, returning each time to their point of departure. Dr. C. C. Abbott discusses some "Archaeological Frauds." "Railroads, Telegraphs and Civilizations" shows the marvellous progress of practical science for the past fifty years. Sir Henry Thompson gives a valuable paper on "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity." In the same line is "Hygiene of the Aged." Other interesting papers are, "An Experience with Opium," "Some Self-made Astronomers," "Sir John Lubbock on Leaves," "Earthquake Phenomena," and "Curiosities of Star-Fish Life," and "The Oldest Air-Breathers."

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over forty years ago the Methodist missionaries to New York city went into the awful purgatory of Five Points—one of the most terrible, as well as vilest, portions of the city. They discovered a perfect sink of iniquity, a sort of incarnate Sodom—the Old Brewery—and carried the pure and powerful Gospel of the Son of God with them. They have had a number of faithful superintendents since Rev. Mr. Ames, the first. Rev. O. R. Bouton, of

The Family.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY LOUIS J. MAOR.

[The following poem took the Taylor Prize at the late Commencement of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.]

Dust laden, languid flowers droop and fade;
The parched landscape trembles in the heat;
But hark! a fluttering thrush far in the shade,
Sends rest and coolness from his dark retreat.

A tuneful life sings softly through its days,
And to the restless world its peace imparts;
Sooths fevered brows to sleep and calm thrills
And brings sweet sympathy to broken hearts.

There is a sadness in the chilly air;
Dark branches stand against a leaden sky;
A lonely bird takes flight for climes more fair;
And in the wood a leaf falls silently.

Beside the bird an anxious watcher stands;
A yellow sunbeam steals in from the west;
A weary soul flies forth for brighter lands;
A ripened life falls gently to its rest.

Their pride and glory gone, earth's leafy dead
Snow-buried sleep, 'neath winter fields of white;
Save where a withered aster lifts its head
To tell of warmer suns and days more bright.

A sense of loneliness, a sweet regret,
And then forgetfulness deep drifting on;
But, till some heart that never can forget,
Brings back the sunlight of a life that shone.

"THE UNIVERSE IS GOD'S NAME WRIT LARGE."

BY LIZZIE M. RICKFORD.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; and the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

Chaos reigns. At the word, the wonderful forces of nature spring into existence. Inertia stands forth. By this force acting alone, a body set in motion will continue to move in a straight line. At the creative word gravitation, so grand in its simplicity, acting upon each particle of matter, grasps even the smallest atom of the whole universe. Here we have the two balancing forces. The attractive power of gravitation bends the body from its straight course and causes it to circle about some larger body. Would you see the effects of these two forces? Behold moons bound to planets, planets to suns, suns to greater centres, all revolving in circles, ever widening, and embracing the most distant star. What is the final centre around which all the systems circle? May it not be the celestial city, in the midst of which is the throne of God?

Responsive to the call there comes another force—cohesion. "What is its importance?" you ask? With-out it rocks would disintegrate, our mountains would soon disappear and become the finest of dust, water would turn to mist, and even our own bodies would crumble and decay, and life of necessity would cease. But should cohesion be universally extended, the result would be equally disastrous. Then each particle of matter would have no attraction except for its own kind, and there would remain only the fifty-six elements.

Again, were it not for adhesion and chemical affinity, there would be only the elements. But should these be universally extended, then each thing would have an attraction for everything else, and of all our present great variety of objects there would be only one immense, conglomerate mass. How clearly discernible is the wisdom of the Creator in thus limiting these forces and causing others in part to counteract them.

"And God said, Let there be light, and there was light." The sun sends out its life-giving and life-sustaining rays, and "God said the light that it was good." Let us analyze these wonderful sunbeams. They will be found composed of three distinct parts—the actinic, the heat, and the illuminating rays. The actinic are the chemical rays, and effect many important changes. The plant under the influence of these breaks up the carbonic acid, consumes the carbon, and gives off the oxygen. In the laboratory of the chemist these rays are active and indispensable servants. The sun's heat rays shed abroad their penetrating and salutary influence. By passing sunbeams through a prism, the third kind, the illuminating rays, are broken up and form a spectrum of seven distinct colors. These same rays passed through drops of water form our beautiful bow of promise.

In the sun do we see the source of all energy. The tiny plant puts forth its leaves and stems, entangles the sunbeams and stores them away in itself as latent heat. Immense quantities of vegetation passing through a process of slow combustion under great pressure, after lapse of ages, form coal, which furnishes as heat during the cold winter months. How strange that the heat we receive from our bright coal fires came to the earth ages ago, and has been stored away and preserved in black diamonds all these years, waiting to supply our needs!

The mighty ocean with restless and turbulent waves dashes against its shores. The sun sends down its millions of little golden cups, and by its potent force brings up the waters of the ocean, and forms clouds which journey to distant, colder climates. Part falls in rain, causing the dry and thirsty land to rejoice and the whole face of nature to smile. The rain collects in springs or small rivulets, which continue to increase until as mighty rivers they finally are lost in the ocean. Some of these moisture-laden clouds journey to still colder temperatures and around some

lofty mountain-summit throw their beautiful veil of pure, feathery flakes. Under the pressure of repeated snow-falls the mass rushes down the mountain-side as a mighty avalanche, spreading devastation in its course. This becoming condensed into ice, fills gorges and valleys, and, by a motion resembling that of a river, the vast field slowly moves down the mountain side, far below the snow-line, among green fields and luxuriant gardens. At length it is overcome by the warm sunbeams, and the mighty glacier becomes a river and finds its way back to the sea. Thus the water is at length set free and permitted to return to the ocean by the same force which sent it forth on its mission—the mighty force of the sunbeam.

By the quiet action of air and moisture even the hardest and most durable rocks are disintegrated; their surfaces are prepared for the more violent action of running water, and thus grand and lofty mountains are worn away and their summits sculptured into fantastic forms, deep and dangerous gorges cut into the hardest and most resisting rocks, and the whole surface of the earth changed.

In grand, old ocean; in vast glaciers, miles in width and hundreds of feet in depth; in lofty mountain ranges, the summits of whose peaks must ever remain in eternal silence, untrod by the foot of man; in the solar system and the millions of worlds beyond, do we see in grandeur the first letter of God's name.

By the operation of these wonderful and powerful forces, at length out of chaos comes Order and extends its sway over the universe. Satellites, planets, suns, pursue their course in perfect order, their distance being proportioned to their mass and distance; so perfect is this order, the rising and setting sun furnishes the most accurate measurement of time. Clearly visible are order and arrangement in other departments of nature. Examine that little plant, its blossoms blushing so modestly among the clustering leaves. Note the arrangement of the leaves and branches, the root and its ramifications, the order and regular form of the sepals and petals, the sheltered and protected position of the important organs, the stamens and pistils. For other examples study the continents, broadest at the north; mountain ranges with their highest peaks facing the deepest oceans. Rocks are not scattered promiscuously, but like kinds are grouped. Turn our eyes whither we will, there is this great law.

Hand in hand walk Grandeur and Order, the first two letters in God's name. At length our earth is fitted up with mountains, valleys, grand oceans, mighty rivers, atmosphere, perfect systems of circulation, immense deposits of coal and oil, great abundance and variety of flora. Birds sing among the trees, huge animals roam unmoiled over the fields, fishes undisturbed inhabit the waters. But as yet there exists no sensible, intelligent being, capable of appreciating the grandeur and beauty of the earth; no voice has been raised in humble and devout adoration to its Creator and God. Then there comes from the divine council-chamber the mandate, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness;" and behold man in his perfection, the crowning glory of creative labor; his form erect; his eye, the most complete of optical instruments; his ear, as one author says, "the wonderful harp of my thousand strings located in our marvelous whispering gallery;" his vocal apparatus, the most perfect of musical instruments, combining the principles of nearly all kinds; his face, an example of unequalled beauty in outline and exquisite and delicate coloring. The arrangement and construction of all the parts of his body show perfect adaptation to his surroundings. Not only in beauty and perfection of form did he far excel the lower animals, but "God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul." He was endowed with a mind capable of searching into the mysteries of nature. The Creator did not design man to pass his life here and then be no more. In man's nature are cravings which the things of time cannot satisfy. The dominion of all things upon the earth was given to him, some to contribute to his happiness, others to his knowledge. The purpose of all creation was the happiness and well-being of man, and the glory of the Creator. There stands written in light, design, the last and greatest letter of God's name.

When the finger of the Creator shall touch the beam of the delicately balanced scale in which all the wonderful forces of nature are at perfect equilibrium, and "the heavens shall roll together as a scroll" and "the elements shall melt with fervent heat," then shall man stand forth purified, immortal, redeemed. Truly, "the universe is God's name writ large" in Grandeur, Order, Design; and man shall join the celestial choir in ascribing honor and praise to Him who is glorious, omnipotent, and divine.

A BEAUTIFUL HOUR.

BY MISS ANNA BREED.

On an evening of a rare day in June, with a company of friends, I climbed one of the many elevations overlooking the city of Lynn. We seated ourselves on the rocks, and looked out on the prospect before us. We were far above the noise of the city, and there came to us an indescribable feeling of peace and security. We realized that for a brief, beautiful hour we could know nothing of its confusion and excitement; and of the joys, sorrows and temptations of "dwellers in the plains below" we could have no knowledge. The evening breeze was soft and balmy, and the cool breezes were refreshing. The sky was glittering with stars, and the silvery light of the moon beautified the surrounding scenery.

Before us lay the city—its countless homes, its places of business, and, towering above these, the tall spires of the churches. Beyond was the ocean,

and its vast expanse of blue extended as far as the eye could see. Here and there a sail-boat was visible on the water, and the bright beams of light from the light-houses were plainly distinguished. Behind and around us were the woods, and, as we listened to the notes of the evening song of the birds, and the resting and sweet music of the crickets.

In such a place, and with such surroundings, the conversation is always delightful and stimulating. Bright and serious stories are told, bits of experience are given, charming reminiscences are related, the conduct of life is discussed, favorite books are criticised, and friendly companionship becomes beautifully close and sacred.

While we were enjoying this interchange of thoughts, the church clocks of the city struck the hour of nine, and the music of the church bells came floating up to our quiet retreat.

"O requiem of the dying day,
O bells of Lynn,
"O' land and sea they rise and fall,
O bells of Lynn."

As we listened to these sweet sounds, we felt that the time had come for us to cease conversation, and realize for ourselves the meaning of Whittier's exquisite words—

"I lean my heart against the day
To fade like blue anemones,
I will not let it pass away
Until it leaves its blessing."

So in silence, at this evening hour of this rare June day, we leaned our hearts very close to the great heart of nature, and received into our inmost being the influence of the scene before us, the influence of the shining stars and silvery moon above us, and peace, sweetness and joy from the Creator.

Like the disciples of old, we came down from a Mount of Transfiguration to the homely duties of real life. "But this sacred hour can never be lost to us. We store it in our memory. In the busy confusion of daily work we love to pause and contemplate it; sitting in the twilight at our homes we delight to recall it; in times of temptation or perplexity the remembrance of its quietness and peace stills our restless longings, and whenever we reflect on it, it is to feel conscious that in this beautiful hour we really lived.

THE PURPLE THISTLE.

Robed in the garb of kings,
She makes her stand
Close by the dusty road,
Haughty and grand.

Proud in her misery,
Misunderstood,
She hugs her sorrow close—
Would we all could!

Sharp is her thorny stem,
'Tis her defence;
Bids those who wish her harm,
"Go, get thee hence!"

Yet in her heart of hearts
Gentle is she;
Stores of sweet honey lie
There for the bee.

Longing for sympathy,
"Longing for love,"
She turns her eyes from earth,
Turns them above.

Slowly her colors fade;
Ragged and gray
Stands the bright thistle now
Still by the way.

Softly her blossoms loose,
Wind waft away
All that remains of her
Vesture so gay.

Shreds of her garments lie
Low on the grass;
Little she cares for them—
She lets them pass.

Spotless and pure she stands,
Robed as a bride;
Naught now remains to her
Of her old pride.

Up through the balmy sky
She floats away;
Up towards the golden sun—
None says her nay.

—Churchman.

DISCOURAGED.

On the side of a black and barren precipice, far beyond the reach of human vision, a little plant struggled for its life.

Born from a seed dropped from the beak of some passing bird, its existence had been one of constant effort. Tossed by the wild winds, beaten down by the fierce shower, scorched by the pitiless sun, little wonder that its weary moan went up, "Wherefore the necessity of living? Wherefore this ceaseless struggle for a life that is but a suffering to myself, and useless to all others?" Beneath it rushed the mountain torrent, singing ever its glad, ambitious song, as it leaped eagerly down to the service that awaited it in the lower world.

Around it the wind whispered soft stories of how its kindred plants adorned and beautified the dwelling places of men, who prized as choice gifts their perfume and their bloom. But the consciousness of what might have been, had not an untoward fate condemned it to a life of loneliness and uselessness, only awakened a bitter rebellion.

"Let me die," it murmured, pitifully. "Wherefore should I seek to bring beauty and bloom into this sterile spot? The winds will but dissipate my perfumes, no eye can be gladdened by my loveliness—life is a failure—let me die."

"Fulfill the purpose of thy being," thundered the mountain stream.

"Fulfill the purpose of thy being," whispered the wind, as it breathed on the drooping branches.

"Fulfill the purpose of thy being," commanded a strong, impelling voice within. And so it hung at last, a quivering frame of rosy blossoms, on the bleak edge of the precipice.

"Rejoice," shouted the mountain torrent. "Thou hast gloriously fulfilled the purpose of thy creation."

"Rejoice," murmured the wind, as it toyed with its perfumed buds, "the earth is richer than it knows."

"Rejoice," whispered the inward voice. "Thou hast been obedient to a will higher than thine own."

"Wherefore should I rejoice?" moaned the plant. "My beautiful children live lives useless, purposeless as my own. I have done my utmost and failed. Now let me die."

"Efforts are ours, results are God's," murmured the wind. "I bring thee the words of a poet. Take courage; the end is not yet."

But the little plant drooped wearily.

Life-power was exhausted, and ere the chill winter came its moanings had ceased forever.

But the end was not yet. When another year rolled around the sterile mountain was alive with bloom from the seed that the kindly wind had scattered and the stream had borne upon its foaming breast. Wouldst thou reveal in a paradise of beauty—search out that lonely spot that artists have sought to immortalize, that poets have loved to sing. But the little plant was dead. It never knew.—Selected.

SEEN AND NOT HEARD.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

The child in these days has come to be the autocrat of the family. Where he was once kept in the background, obedient to the rule that "children should be seen and not heard," he is now allowed to constantly interrupt and take precedence of his elders. This is not an enhancement of the pleasures of social intercourse, whatever may be thought of its influence for good or evil upon the child.

In the seen-and-not-heard days nurses and governesses were by no means common. The men and women whose names are illustrious have been to a great extent self-made. Self-reliance began to develop in babyhood. When a child commenced to walk, it commenced to take care of itself. Instead of nurses to contrive the thousand and one amusements necessary at the present time, children learned to improvise their own pleasures and so became helpful and ingenious. To interrupt their elders after a child was old enough to know better, was a breach of good manners punishable in one way or another. Now children are taught that their wants and their whims are of paramount importance. Their questions, however trivial, must be immediately answered, and their remarks listened to, no matter how important the conversation they break in upon. Who that has visited where children are permitted to take precedence in all matters, has not been exasperated by such scenes as these?

There is a matter of business to be settled, perhaps, and there is only just so much time that can be given to it. Guest gets fairly under way, and child enters and asks a question. It is answered. Issue is taken. Mother explains. Visitor with suspended breath waits in the middle of a sentence till the child shall be disposed of. There is a temporary lull. Caller resumes. Another demurrer from infant. "Run away, dear. Mamma is busy now," the parent at last expostulates. Child resists the unusual treatment. Mamma coaxes, child cries, and the thread of the conversation is hopelessly lost. Time is up, and the caller leaves the house perfectly exhausted, while the mother, though fond of her youth, and fond of her offspring, wishes that the years had passed and the disagreeable responsibility removed from her shoulders.

Now what good has this sacrifice of comfort and nerve force accomplished? Time and strength have been consumed, and to what purpose? Motherhood seems very hard to one of these women, and certainly very undesirable to the other. Has the child learned anything that will be likely to be of use to it? On the contrary, it has learned that its power is absolute in the household, and out of such education come our overbearing and tyrannical men and our acting and unreasonable women. The training which would have kept this child quiet on the above occasion would have been useful not only for that time, but for all times. There is nothing more fatal in the education of the young than the fostering of this spirit of lordship and importance. There is a time for the bringing forward of little folks, and on this intercourse with their elders much depends, but they should be taught never to interrupt a conversation unless the matter to be communicated is absolutely unpostponable. This can be as easily taught the intelligent child as the use of his fork at the table, or the lifting of his hat when such salutation is necessary.

The entertainment of children has come to be a great tax upon mothers and nurses. The patience of the nurse to-day must be fully equal to her ingenuity in inventing pleasures for her charges. She must never be tired of answering questions, of humoring sudden and ridiculous freaks, of telling stories—in fact, of anything that the young autocrats may expect of her. And this is all wrong. Instead of helping children to help themselves, they are made by such ministrations absolutely helpless, and are pretty sure to develop into exceedingly disagreeable, if not unmanageable, youngsters. If it is true that "as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," it must be true that this early human bending will have a pernicious effect upon the manhood and womanhood of these little folks.

There has been a great change from the old-fashioned way of governing and educating children. If we can swing back to equilibrium, as we must if we are the cause of our difficulty, we shall doubtless come into the realm of common-sense, which here as in natural philosophy is mid-way between the two extremes.

A LOVE SONG TO A WIFE.

We have been lovers for forty years;
O dear cheeks faded and worn with tears,
What an eloquent story of love ye tell!
Your roses are dead, yet I love you well.

O pale brow shrouded in soft silvery hair!
Grown with life's sorrow, and lined with care;
These dear, dear records of faithful love,
Ab, fond, fond eyes, of my own true wife!

Ye have shone so clear through my chequered life,
Ye have shed such joy on its thorny way,
That I cannot think ye are dim to-day.

Worn little hands, that have toiled so long,
Patient and loving, and brave and strong,
Ye will never tire, ye will never rest,
Until you are crossed on my darling's breast!

O warm heart throbbing so close to mine!
Time only strengthens such love as thine,
And proves that the holiest love doth last,
When summer, and beauty, and youth are past.

—The Quiver.

MT. HOPE.

BY SAMUEL ADAMS WIGGIN.

The roses blossom where they lie,
The white-robed ladies cluster nigh,
Where soft-eyed pantries smile close by.
Our darlings sleep.

By grassy borders of emerald light,
The golden daisies decked in white,
Shining like stars through all the night,
Their heavenly vigils keep.

They bud and bloom, fair flow'rets sweet,
Above our darlings' placid feet,
And whisper softly, "Dear ones, meet
Across the silvery tide."

They chant a loving, tender strain
That calms our anguish, soothes our pain,
The burden of their glad refrain,
"Let faith and hope abide."

"As sure as comes the blooming spring
And joyous birds His praises sing,
Immanent lives, enthroned a King,
Crowned Conqueror of the grave."

"Thy arms shall fold thy darlings fair,
Thy lips shall kiss the bosy hair,
They live all free from pain or care."
We'll surely meet again.

Ab, roses sweet and lilies pure,
With soft-eyed pantries sweet allure,
And daisy bloom, ye all assure,
Ye soothe our sorrowing pain.

The Little Folks.

BILLY.

BY ELEANOR K. DEANE.

Billy was a warm-hearted, generous little fellow, kind and obliging to his older sister, who was a sort of mother to him—for the real mother was dead—tender and loving to Rosa, the little sister, with whom he played, and of whom he took a good deal of care, fond of the cow which he conducted to and from her pasture morning and evening, fond, too, of the dog and the cat, having many a frolic with them, friendly with his playmates, doing them often a kindness, and cheerful at his work and at his lessons. With all these he was trying to be a disciple of Jesus Christ.

Must you be a man or a woman before you can be a disciple? Oh, no! The words make you think of those twelve men who went about Judea and Galilee with the Lord; and they lived so long ago, and seem so different from other people, that you think first of them when you hear of disciples. But a disciple of Jesus is any one who tries to do as Jesus would do if he were in the same circumstances. That person is a follower of Jesus, and Jesus called little children to follow Him—to be His disciples. And Billy was trying.

But Billy had a hot and hasty temper, which gave him a great deal of trouble. When angry he was very often violent, and did not know what he did or said. He had been in a rage when his books or toys were missing or injured; when the cow was hidden among the bushes of the pasture, or had strayed away and he must find her, though he was in haste to do something else; when the pig, getting loose, had grubbed up his favorite plants and done other mischief which he had to work hard to repair. He had been angry with Maggie, the mother-sister, angry with gentle and weak little Rosa.

But all this was as nothing to the fury he had been in towards the men who were inmates with the family. These were rough, young working men, not intentionally bad, may be, but really cruel sometimes to Billy. They liked to see him fly into a passion. It amused them to notice his flashing eyes, his reddening face and his clenched fists, to hear his fierce words hotly spoken, to see him stamp with his small feet and bang the doors and throw whatever he could snatch, or pull out his own hair. So they purposely provoked him with wanton, insulting words and foolish acts, that they might enjoy the "fun" as they called it.

As soon as Billy's anger was cooled—and he was never long in a passion—he was sorry for what he had done, and for the bad words he had spoken. He longed to undo any harm that he had done. He remembered the story of Cain, who in anger killed his brother, and felt that in the heat of his own rage he might have taken the life of his tormentors, and sometimes he would shame them by asking their forgiveness. He tried more and more to keep in mind the life and the words and the death of the Lord Jesus, and he would say, "O Maggie! don't let me hurt anybody! Hold me when I am sad and I don't know what I do." And it was wonderful to see how in one year Billy gained self-control. Jack and Ben often failed to vex him when they tried the hardest. Billy would say something so pleasant or so funny, that they would be turned from their unkind purpose, and even help him in some task at which he was working.

When Billy was twelve years old he was taken ill with a dangerous disease, and Maggie, who took care of him, thought he would not get well. The doctor said he would do well, but Maggie was full of fear. Every day he lost strength, and at last Maggie was so sure he would soon die, that she felt she must tell the dear boy about it. It was a hard task, but she dared not wait. She sat beside his bed, silently praying to God for help to say what she ought in the right way for Billy.

But Billy spared her the pain. "Maggie," he said, "do you think I don't know I am not going to get well? You need not feel sorry. I am not a bit afraid to die. God will take care of me; Jesus will be with me. He has promised, and I believe Him. Mother will be waiting for me, and it will not be very hard."

Nobody can tell how happy his words made Maggie. She loved Billy dearly, and her heart ached with the feeling that she must lose him—no, not lose him, but see him no more on the earth—but to see him so ready and so trusting filled her with joy. So they talked and prayed together, giving thanks to the Heavenly Father, and were comforted.

Then Billy said, "Maggie, I shall go

soon, and I want to see them all—father and Rosa and Jack and Ben." And to each one he told how the Lord Jesus longed to wash away their sins and make them true and loving, and give them a home in heaven. Rough in manner as those men were, they had hearts that were easily moved, and they could not help letting their tears fall, nor could they, or any one who heard his faithful, affectionate words, ever forget Billy's trust in his Saviour and his joyful departure with his Lord.

Now, do not, dear children, say that all good boys and girls die young; but think that Billy would have died young if he had not been good, and be glad that he was ready. May his life and death help you too, so that you shall not be afraid!

BRINGING HOME THE FLOCK.

Through pastures fair,
And sea-girt paths all wild with rock and foam,
O'er velvet sward, and desert stern and bare,
The flock comes home.

A weary way,
Now smooth, then rugged with a thousand snares;
Now dim with rain, then sweet with blossoms gay
And summer airs.

Yet, safe at last,
Within the fold they gather, and are still;
Sheltered from driving shower and stormy blast,
They fear no ill.

Through life's dark ways,
Through flowery paths where evil angels roam,
Through restless nights, and long heart-wasting days,
Christ's flock comes home.

Safe to the fold,
The blessed fold, where fears are never known,
Love-guarded, fenced about with walls of gold,
He leads His own.

O Shepherd-King,
With pierced hands whose lightest touch is blessing!
Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power, to bring
Thy flock to rest!

—Sarah Doudney.

Miscellany.

The Ten Most Important Inventions.
A Buffalo paper lately asked its subscribers to name the ten most important inventions of all time. In the order of the number of votes received, the ballot selected: The telegraph, printing-press, steam engine, cotton gin, telephone, mariner's compass, gunpowder, sewing-machine, telescope, and photography.—*Christian Union.*

The Eclipse of the Soul.
The moon in an eclipse complained to the sun: "Why, O my dearest friend, dost thou not shine upon me as usual?"

"Do I not?" said the sun; "I am shining as I always do: why do you not enjoy my light as usual?"

"Oh! I see," said the moon, "the earth has got between us."

"Why, O Saviour," says the back-sliding Christian, "do I not, as in former days, walk in the light of Thy countenance?"

"I am sure, troubled soul, I have not changed. The rays of My love are as warm and bright as ever; what can prevent them from reaching thee?"

Carst thou not see, O troubled Christian, that the earth has got between thee and Christ?—*Selected.*

Friends.

People who have warm friends are healthier, happier than those who have none. A single real friend is a treasure worth more than gold or precious stones. Money can buy many things, but it cannot buy a friend, or pay you for the loss of one. "I have only wanted one thing to make me happy," Hazlitt writes, "but wanting that, have wanted everything." And again, "My heart shut up in a prison house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to." We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let a friend drop off without instant notice, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one for petty jealousy or needless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it pricked you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth.—*Selected.*

Smiles When She Speaks.

The power of unconscious influence was illustrated recently by a little incident that occurred in Eastern Massachusetts.

A lady called at the house of a neighbor on an errand; but, as the family were away, she asked the hired man to tell his employer that she would call again. Being in a hurry, and not thinking that the man knew who she was, she did not tell her name. The lady of the house returned before the hired man of the family, and the man told her that a lady had been there who said she'd call again.

"Who was it?" inquired Mrs. H.

"Oh, I don't know her name," replied the man.

"But you should have asked her," said Mrs. H., "so we should know who had been here. Can't you tell me anything by which I can know who came?"

"Where does she live?"

"I don't know," said the man, "but she's the one that always smiles when she speaks."

The pleasant look and the courteous manner in which this lady had spoken to the servant had been noticed and remembered, leaving a sunbeam in that man's heart.

Let us each remember that religion is the best thing by which we can make use of the power of unconscious influence. Let us be courteous to all with whom we have to do.—*Congregationalist.*

The Evil Spirit of Worry.

One sometimes sees a face which may be almost perfect in the symmetry of its features, but whose beauty of expression is habitually marred by the evil spirit of Worry. This fiend wrinkles the fairest forehead, draws down the corners of the prettiest mouth, and makes the tenderest eyes cold and repelling. The possessor seems always expecting something disagreeable to occur, and to be preparing to object when it comes. And generally the object of worryment is not worth a thought, much less a f

The Week.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, July 7.

Horse-car strikers' riot in Chicago. Cars attacked and dented, and the drivers and conductors badly beaten by the mob. The rioters finally dispersed by the police.

Ten tobacco warehouses and a large railway station at Stoughton, Wis., destroyed by fire; the property loss probably reaching \$800,000.

The town of Parsons, Kan., almost isolated by the prevailing floods.

No further doubt regarding the loss of the yacht "Phantom" and the drowning of Prof. A. A. Burton and J. White of Buffalo, N. Y.

Assembling of the American Institute of Instruction in the large skating rink at Newport, R. I.—the fifty-sixth annual meeting.

Death, in New York, of Commander George, formerly of the U. S. Navy, who brought over the obelisk.

Sale of the Bay State Monthly by public auction for \$355.

Reassembling of the British Parliament.

Annanie attack on French forces at Hue. Repulsed with a loss of 1,500 in killed and wounded; the French loss, 60.

Destruction of 5,917 houses by fire at Toyama, Japan, May 20.

Specie payments to be resumed by Japan, July 1, 1885.

The Mexican financial situation more complicated than hitherto reported.

Confirmation of the reported withdrawal of the Colombian revolutionary force from Barranquilla and the coast.

Ratification of the peace treaty with China by the French Chamber of Deputies.

Wednesday, July 8.

End of the Chicago street-car drivers' and conductors' strike. The troubles submitted to arbitration.

The iron-workers in two factories in Cleveland, Ohio, compelled to quit work by the strikers. Stones and other missiles hurled through the windows, and several persons injured.

Joseph C. Mackin, convicted of perjury in connection with the election frauds in the eighth ward of Chicago, sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Illinois Penitentiary.

Damages of \$1,000 each obtained by three colored women in Baltimore for having been excluded from first-class sleeping apartments on board a steamer after purchasing first-class tickets.

The mission to Liberia offered by the President to Rev. Dr. W. Bryant, pastor of the African Methodist Church in Nashville, Tenn.

Destruction, by fire, of Harry Leavitt's \$100,000 barn at Great Barrington, Mass.

Departure from Egypt of Gen. Lord Wolseley for England.

Louis Riel, leader of the Northwest rebellion, handed over to the civil authorities at Regina, and remanded for trial on the 20th inst.

Sinking of the steamer "Denthorne" in the St. Lawrence in a collision with another steamer.

Thursday, July 9.

The Globe Hotel at Louisiana, Mo., burned on Tuesday morning, many of the guests leaping from the windows in their night-clothes.

All the street cars in Chicago now running.

The rumors of Cheyenne outrages in Kansas said to be purely sensational.

Occurrence of a \$200,000 fire in Bermuda, London.

The French troops occupying the Masanga fort in Madagascar, besieged by twelve thousand Hovas.

Great suffering in the cholera-infected districts of Spain.

Friday, July 10.

Terrific cyclone in Wisconsin and Minnesota, demolishing hundreds of houses and destroying a vast amount of other property. Central and Northern Illinois also visited.

Lowell, Mass., deprived of its telephone service for a few days in consequence of a fire in Shattuck's block, that destroyed the wires connecting with all the instruments of the telephone company in the place.

Considerable damage in Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont by the lightning and wind which accompanied yesterday's storm.

Occurrence of a battle in Peru, near Jaen, between Gen. Caceres and the government troops, resulting in heavy losses on both sides.

Saturday, July 11.

Occurrence of a land slide on Cherry Mountain, in the White Mountain range. A barn crushed, a few domestic animals killed, and a man's leg broken. The slide began at the top of the mountain, and made a path through a heavy growth of wood two miles long and twenty-five feet wide.

Telegraph consolidation—the Western Union taking possession of the American Rapid and Merchants' lines in New York, Buffalo and Baltimore.

Departure of Gen. Sheridan for the Indian Territory, to assume general charge of the troops now watching the Cheyennes.

An attempt made to blow up a railroad train near Plattsburg, N. Y., by the use of dynamite.

Breaking out of a revolution in Venezuela.

Acceptance of the regency of the Duchy of Brunswick by Prince Henry of Reuss.

Appropriation by France of \$800,000 for the education of every French child born in French families.

All Annamites who participated in the recent battle at Hue, to be granted general amnesty if they surrender to the French within twelve days.

Suspension of the negotiations for a commercial treaty between Spain and the United States.

Monday, July 13.

The American House, Howes' Block, the stable of the Belfast Lumber Company, and several other buildings in Belfast, Me., destroyed by fire. Two men and twenty horses burned to death.

A pleasure party, consisting of eight persons, drowned by the capsizing of their yacht on Lake Minnetonka, Minn.

Decision by Attorney General Garland that the Secretary of the Navy cannot accept the despatch boat "Dolphin," and that no contract exists between the government and Mr. John Roach.

Burning of Burch's stables and Gray's piano factory in Albany, N. Y. Six firemen buried under falling walls, and twenty horses perished.

Admiral Jowett ordered north from the vicinity of Panama, where he has been stationed with his squadron for the past three months.

The insurrection in Cambodia not yet subdued.

Adjournment of the Spanish Cortes.

Failure of peace negotiations between the Peruvian government and Gen. Caceres.

Arrival of French reinforcements at Hue.

The Colombian rebels, who persisted in ascending the Magdalena River, completely routed by the government forces.

On Saturday 1,533 new cases of cholera recorded in Spain, and 648 deaths.

(Continued from page 5.)

the poor condition of one of the poor parishes in Mississippi. He then asked for subscriptions for this parish without a church, and the sum of \$100 was pledged to build them a chapel, which is to be designated as St. John's Chapel. The colored people have the lumber, but no means of putting up the building.

Rev. O. W. Scott, of Centenary M. E. Church, Birmingham, N. Y., formerly of the N. H. Conference, delivered the address before the theological class of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, at Tilton, N. H.

The Methodist society in Candia are to have meetings for the future. Rev. Wm. McNally, of Auburn, will preach once in two weeks at four o'clock until further notice.

The New Hampshire State Temperance Union has been incorporated under the laws of New Hampshire.

A beautiful mirage was seen at Hampton beach last Thursday. The Isles of Shoals appeared up a stone's throw in distance from the shore, while all the houses at Rye Beach were easily discerned.

A public reading-room was opened in Rochester Monday evening by the W. C. T. U., with interesting exercises.

About 150 of the Baker Memorial Sunday-school went to Sunapee Lake for a picnic, on Thursday. They had a delightful time. A pleasant feature of the day was a trip over the lake in the new steamer "Edmund Burke." The committee of arrangements consisted of C. A. Davis, L. W. Durgin and W. S. Baker.

The Presbytery's Meeting to be held June 25 and 26, at Haverhill, Mass., was postponed until fall, on account of the absence of so many of the preachers.

Rev. O. S. Baketel, of Greenland, N. H., has gone to Ottawa, Kansas, and Crete, Nebraska, to lecture at the Sunday-school assemblies now in session. He expects to visit Washington and New York city on his return home.

Rev. J. M. Williams, of Concord First Church, who has been enjoying a three weeks' vacation with his friends in Eastern Maryland, has returned, and is at work again.

The Ottawa Daily Republican says of the lecture given by Rev. O. S. Baketel at the S. S. Assembly in Ottawa: "This was a most remarkable treat. Mr. Baketel is high in description, deliberate in his attraction, clear in his explanations and very concise, getting through a vast amount of work. The crowd was uncomfortably large. The appreciation universal. The Assembly management secured a grand success in securing Mr. Baketel. On every hand there is nothing but praise and gratitude expressed."

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

The officers of the district Sunday-school Association arranged to substitute for the usual summer convention a union of the Sunday-schools of the district in a Children's Day at our beautiful camp-ground at Northampton. Accordingly, Wednesday, July 1, was appointed as the day, and a day more perfect for such a gathering than it was was rarely offered. Heavy rains had thoroughly settled the dust and given nature a special loveliness, while the clouds so shut out the sun during most of the day as to add greatly to the comfort of the large number who gathered. The regular and special trains, re-enforced by omnibuses and private conveyances, brought a company of about 2,500 from all parts of the district. The schools were formed in double lines led by the children's band of Springfield, and marched under the grounds under the direction of Hon. L. E. Hitchcock, president of the association, and then were led to the spacious auditorium, where for a half-hour young and old joined heartily in a service prepared for the occasion. The clergy and superintendents from the stand and the schools from the auditorium rendered very beautifully several responsive selections, while all joined in the singing and the recitation of the Apostles' Creed, in a chorus which was truly inspiring. Rev. George Skene, of Springfield, gave a short talk to the children, in which he showed that if they would be useful Christians, five things were necessary, viz., praying, working, talking, singing, and giving. At the close of the address all joined in a responsive closing service and dispersed for lunch and games.

At 1 o'clock the band gave a concert. At 2.30 o'clock the pastors, officers and teachers gathered in good numbers at the stand for an hour of talk upon Sunday-school work. After singing and prayer by Rev. I. G. Ross, the question: "What does the superintendent need from the teachers?" was discussed. J. H. Pillsbury said the superintendent had to be at right to expect every teacher to be at his post or furnish a supply unless absolutely prevented from doing so. Failure to do this is a breach of honor on the part of the teacher. Providing for absent teachers from a list of substitutes teachers who have been unable to prepare for any particular age of scholars, ought to serve only in special cases where the failure is unavoidable.

Rev. I. G. Ross said the plan of substitute teachers had been successful in their school. Rev. W. H. Adams thought that in scattered communities, where distance made it difficult to arrange supplies, the plan of having substitutes who should be ready to teach any class was a necessity. Rev. G. H. Cheney thought the teacher should be conscientious in attending the teachers' meeting and making it a place for consultation regarding the interests of the school.

B. D. Rising, of Springfield, has a list of teachers who are ready to fill vacancies, but has no need of substitutes. He

said he had not had occasion to provide a substitute for nine months. Rev. V. M. Simons thought the necessity of a superintendent going to a Bible class after the opening of the school for teachers was an intolerable annoyance to all concerned. L. E. Hitchcock said the teacher owed the superintendent the respectful attention of his class during the general exercises of the school.

After singing, the question: "What do the teachers need from the superintendent?" was discussed. Mrs. W. G. Richardson thought promptness in all the exercises of the school, good general order, without which individual teachers can do nothing in their classes, freedom from interruption during the session of the school, and the help of the teachers' meeting for consultation and comparison, were all due to the teachers from the superintendent.

Superintendent Cook thought the superintendent could help the teacher much outside the Sunday-school by being cordial and making an effort to recognize the scholars. Superintendent Reynolds said that if the teacher owed loyalty to the superintendent, there must be something to be loyal to. There must be some plan of work and definiteness of aim in the management of the school. Judge Hitchcock thought the superintendent should be commander of the school, and that he should give direction to the work of the teachers in order that there be unity of effort.

The third question: "What do the pastors and superintendents need for each other?" was then taken up. Rev. W. G. Richardson thought that although the pastor is superior in authority, the superintendent should have full control of the school. Rev. M. Simons said that the pastor is not superior to the superintendent in the school in any proper sense. B. D. Rising said there could be no conflict between the pastor and superintendent if both are religious men. He thought the pastor ought to be at liberty to circulate in the school and become acquainted with all. Rev. G. W. Mansfield thought that the relation between pastor and superintendent is so delicate that no good can be reached without the best of spirit between them.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in social and out-of-door enjoyments, and all left with the feeling that the day was a most enjoyable one and the experiment had proved a first-class success.

Sec.

Dunkle's New Golden Eagle Furnace gives more heat for the same fuel than any other in the country.

YORKTOWN has never failed to effect a cure, giving tone and strength to the system debilitated by disease.

It is always foolish to dye the hair. Parker's Hair Balsam restores the original color. Is not that better? Only 50 cents.

The recent fire at Abram French & Co's vast establishment has given housekeepers and lovers of the French in crockery, glass, and hick-hone generally the opportunity of a lifetime to replenish at merely nominal prices, as much of their stock is slightly damaged, and as good as perfect for practical purposes.

Church Register.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Meetings for the Promotion of Holiness every Monday, at 7 p. m., in Wesleyan Hall.

Boarding Mrs. Ann. at Rockbury, July 15-16. Salvation Army Meeting, at Old Orchard, July 15-17. Maine Chautauque Assembly, at Martha's Grove, Fryeburg, Me., July 21-Aug. 1.

Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, at Martha's Grove, Fryeburg, Me., Aug. 1-10.

National Holiness Meeting, Old Orchard, Aug. 11-17.

Richmond Temperance Camp-meeting, Aug. 13-15.

Hodgdon Camp-meeting, Aug. 14-17.

Portland District Camp-meeting, at Old Orchard, Aug. 17-21.

North Castine Camp-meeting, Aug. 17-21.

Wiers Camp-meeting, Aug. 17-21.

Richmond Camp-meeting, Aug. 17-21.

Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting, Aug. 17-21.

Williamstown Camp-meeting, Aug. 17-21.

Northampton Camp-meeting, Aug. 17-21.

Hamilton Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-27.

Hodgdon Camp-meeting, Aug. 21-27.

Sterling Junction Camp-meeting, Aug. 24-29.

Clarendon Camp-meeting, Aug. 24-29.

Empire Grove Camp-meeting, E. Poland, Aug. 24-29.

East Machin Camp-meeting, Aug. 24-29.

District Stewards' Meeting, at 8 p. m., at Machin Camp-ground, at 8 p. m., Sept. 2.

THE COUNTRY WEEK, 1885.—The merits of this charity—the "country week"—are well known. Two thousand or more little children taken from their crowded and unhealthy homes in the city and sent to farms and other homes in the country for a vacation of health and pleasure, and the result is a physical and moral benefit to the children, and a social and moral benefit to the community.

The committee in charge of this work at the B. Y. M. Christian Union already have the carefully-selected names of over twenty-five hundred applicants and worthy children on their lists for this season's vacation. Last year from twenty-two hundred to twenty-three hundred children were sent off. It is hoped that none of the needy applicants of this year will be refused, and thus disappointed. This will depend entirely upon the further donations which may be made by ladies, gentlemen, and business firms interested. All contributions may be sent to the President, W. H. ALDWIN, 18 Boylston Street, marked "For the Country Week," which will be promptly and gratefully acknowledged by mail.

A CONVENTION OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS will be held for two days—Aug. 5 to 6—at Northfield, Mass. Many from abroad are expected; also, quite a number of the leading ministers of the country, as well as large numbers of Christian workers. The buildings of the Young Ladies' Seminary, as well as the Mt. Hermon Boys' School, will be thrown open for the accommodation of visitors. Board will be from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day. In addition to this, special trains will be run to Greenfield, Brattleboro, and adjoining towns, where ample accommodations will be found. Applications for entertainment will be received until July 20. Address: D. L. MOODY, Northfield, Mass.

LAUREL ST. M. E. CHURCH, WORCESTER, MASS.—The fortieth anniversary of the organization of this church will be appropriately observed by special services in the church, Sunday, July 19, and Monday evening, July 20.

Sunday, at 10.30 a. m., sermon by Rev. A. Canoll, D. D., of Southern Conference—a forceful and timely address. At 8 p. m., a union love feast of all Methodist churches in the city, and all persons desiring to be present for entertainment will be received until July 20. Address: D. L. MOODY, Northfield, Mass.

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DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It